









THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

### THE GHOST GIRI By Henry Kitchell Webster Author of The Whispering Man. Coypright, 1912, Frank A. Munsey Co.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

First read this synopsis and pick up the thread of one of the most remarkable mystery stories ever written.

Arthur Jeffrey is a rashionable portrait painter residing in Paris. It is is a very sensitive nature—he possesses a highly developed intuition, a sort of sixth some, allied to the sense of smell, and yet not quife that. Throughout a period of two years Jeffrey has been the victim of a peculiar haunt. Several times when he entered his apartments he had the disquieting feeling that some one had just left the room, had left behind the faint eder of burnt wax. And then one day—the first tangible evidence of his mysterious visitor—he found a delicately pertuned bit of lace and linen, a woman's handworchief. A week later, when he returned, he found a partly finished portrait on the easel in his studio—a portrait of an alluringly beautiful girl, evidently painted by herself from her reflection in his old glit-frame mirror. He watches He keeps it up for 35 hours, and then falls into a doze. When he awakes the portrait has disappeared, Has it been merely a dream? No; for the colors on his palette are not the ones he had placed there himself.

Again, one spring night, just before he is returning to New York, Jeffrey saw his Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

inerely a dream? No; for the colors on his palette are not the ones he had placed there himself.

Again, one spring night, just before he is returning to New York, Jeffrey saw his ghost girl leaning over the parapet of a bridge gazing at the black waters of the Seine. He had but a fleeting glimpse, yet he never forgot it.

Now enter Dr. Crow, a distant relative of Jeffrey's, but, more important still, friend and physician to the very wealthy and very eccentric Miss Meredith. Dr. Crow brings Jeffrey a commission. It is the photograph of Claire Meredith, niece of the wealthy woman—a girl who had died supposedly two years before during a smallpox epidemic in the French capital. It is the face of the ghost-girl!

Now there is found frozen in the ice the body of a beautiful girl in her early twenties, magnificently dressed and bearing no trace of the causes that might have brought her to her tragic end. That is one fact. Here is another: Jeffrey returns to his studie to find his new portrait of Miss Meredith has been stolen. He calls in the police, notably Lleutenant Richards. The lieutenant finally rescues the portrait, somewhat disfigured, from the hands of some notorious spiritualists. He watches the artist restore the work to its former state, and then exclaims: "Why, that's the picture of the girl they found in the loe!"

than a day or two," she told him.

Then she got up, nodded to me, said the papers could wait, and in another lefters, Jack, Gwendolyn and I sat

sort of fortune teiling didn't amount to much, and when I got very sympathetic she told me in a most spectral, bluelightish sort of way that her real work was in acting as a medium for communications from the other world.

"She wanted to know if any of my loved ones had passed in the beyond, and said if they had she could help me to communicate with them. I got very

sbout?" he demanded. "We'll look nicely in the papers the next morning, shan't we? I should think you'd had enough of that sort of thing."
"There won't be anything in the papers," said Gwendolyn, rather coolly. "I should think you know me well enough to have a little more confidence in me than that."
"But, Gwendolyn," I expostulated, "if you have that woman arrested here in our house for conductive of the conductive of the

"But, Gwendolyn." I expostulated, "If you have that woman arrested here in our house for conducting a seance, I don't see how you can keep it out of the papers. On the whole, I'm inclined to agree with Jack. You'd better have nothing to do with it. Richards will find a pretext in a day or two for arresting her."

sults."

There was a moment of silence, if the faint drone of the organ does not forbid the use of the word, and then Gwendoling tried and convicted here for land frauds in Oregon, will appeal to President Willows the over two months ago, on December 19."

Attorneys for Frederick A. Hyde, the faint drone of the organ does not forbid the use of the word, and then Gwendoling and convicted here for land frauds in Oregon, will appeal to President Willows the decirion of Attorney Gender to two for arresting her."

it. Richards will find a pretext in a day or two for arresting her."

It was perhaps ten seconds before the medium answered. I wasn't thinking to Hyde and the appeal to the new so much about her as I was about the plan at all."

"What is it, then?" I demanded.

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"What is it, then?" I demanded. "What is it, then?" I demanded.

She was silent a moment before she answered.

"No. I'm not going to tell you. You just make all sorts of objections. You just come to the seance—it will be down in the library at 8 o'clock tomorrow night—and see what happens. I promise you that you won't be sorry if you do, and that you will be sorry if you do, and that you will be sorry if you don't. That's fair. And now, if you still tell me to let it all go and pretend I never went to see her—I never heard of her—I'll do say you say."

"What was the name of your friend?" the medium asked.

"She never told me her name," said Gwendolyn; "but she will know who I mean by what I can tell about her."

"What can you teil, so that Bright
"What can you teil, so that Bright
"She was very beautiful," said Gwendolyn, and already the thr!ll of her voice wexcitement. "She was young, about my own age, I think, and she had wonderful masses of beautiful blond halr."

The organ stopped playing, and the

see her—I never heard of her—I'll do
as you say."
"Jack's got the deciding vote," said
I. "It's his house, and it's his wife.
What do you say, Jack?"
He laughed. "Oh! I haven't the nerve
to tell her not to do it!" said he. "A
husband's authority is all very well,
but it's an awkward thing to exercise
on anybody who's as likely to be right
as Gwendolyn."
"And you'll come?" she asked "And husband's authority is all very well, but it's an awkward thing to exercise on anybody who's as likely to be right as Gwendolyn."

"And you'll come?" she asked. "And you'll let me have Lieutenant Richards?"

"That's the bargain, isn't it? Very with a current of air stirring about my feet, as if some one had opened a door.

The thin, childish voice spoke now again, but somewhat uncertainly, as if the throat that uttered it were contracted with a sort of unreasoning fear.

"It is not enough," it said. "I must know more."

"The girl I wan' with."

"The girl I wan' with."

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

H, no!" said Gwendolyn.

"You can do anything you please. Only I thought you said you couldn't arrest her without an informer."

"Well, you've got me," Richards admitted.

"I sha'nt have to ask you to wait more han a day or two," she told him.

Then she got up norded to me said.

Then she got up norded to me said.

the dark about it. Well, I more than half agreed with him.

'You've been to see her?'' I asked she nodded and laughed.

''And do you feel you've got your money's worth out of the fortune she told you, or are you indignant enough over the swindle to inform the police and have her arrested?''

'The fortune certainly wasn't worth \$2,'' said Gwendolyn, ''I could tell a better one myself with the grounds of a cup of tea. All about a dark man and a blonde man—oh, but it was silly! But she herself seemed to feel that that sort of fortune teiling didn't amount to much, and when I got very sympathetic and take any action that they might be reader appropriate.

I had attended scances many times before, and had long ago learned that they were always exactly alike, so that it was with no thrill of excitement or expectancy that I took my seat and my feelings, and both he and I were puzzled to account for the demeanor of the other two. Of course, such things might be new to Gwendolyn; but even to overly alone couldn't have given that do over the swingly such that they might be could observe events and take any action that they might be reader appropriate.

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# "What was the name of your friend?

derful masses of beautiful blond hair."

The organ stopped playing, and the silence gave the situation a new thrill. I felt a current of air stirring about my feet, as if some one had opened a

the pale, ethereal face and the shining golden hair, silvered by the blue light, of the mysterious, unknown girl the pelice had found frazen in the ice just a month area. a month ago. The woman looked at it dully for a

moment. Then she clutched suddenly at her neck with both hands. The next

There was a rush and the sound of a scuffle by the door. Jeffrey turned on the lights, and we saw a strange man struggling out of Richard's grip; not toward the door, but toward the woman, who lay unconsclous on the floor. "Let go of me, d— you!" he said "I'm not trying to get away. Let me go to her."

toward the big mirror that stood be-tween the bookcases. We all followed the man's eyes as he turned about: but what he saw, and all any of the rest of us saw, was our own pale, astonished faces reflected there. He turned back to her. "Can't you forget that?" he asked. "Can't you ever forget it? What was Irene Fournier to

Jeffrey walked over to Richards and

loved ones had passed in the beyond, and said if they had she could help me to communicate with them. I got very interested and trembly myself, and asked and decrous, as the etiquette is at such gatherings.

The faculdn't come to one of her seances. She said she wasn't giving them any more—not publicly, at least—on account of the police.

"Then we both waited a minute, and at last I asked her if the spirits would come anywhere she wanted them to because I asked she refer to be couldn't dare come. She said she could do it, all right, but it came rather high. Introducing spirits into a private house seems pretty expensive business. It's going to cost \$30. And Jack thinks that's awfully extravagant."

"Extravagant." Jack snorted angrily. "It's the only stilly thing I ever knew Gwendolyn to do."

"But what is she going to do?" I asked.

"Why, she's going to bring that woman here—here—tomorrow night—for a scance in this house. I visit you'd try to bring her to reason. I can'."

"I want you all to come. She said. "Madeline won't. She says a's going to spirits that a wanted the work.

The man was a spirit should be the communications we were waiting for. Gwendolyn was the only one of us who was either inventive enough or sufficiently interested to make replies, but those were evidently interested to make remore for a well-cle approaching the curb take the work.

The paper went to the organ and held out his hand. It is a fitter and the containt and fight on our nerves with hymitumes frightfully out of key, but il it early and fight on our nerves with

## Appeal to President

hopeless last resort.

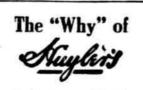
## RED CROSS WANTS WILSON AS LEADER

President Wilson soon will be asked to assume the presidency of the American National Red Cross Society. The offic-

awakes the warms of the resignation of the resignat the Red Cross. Congress would pay the expense; the trains could be used both for possible warfare and for relief in emergencies. Furthermore, she points out, the War Department would have immediate authority to command, out, the War Department would have immediate authority to command, whereas the Red Cross, as a voluntary organization, could not direct except by further power from Congress.

The Red Cross organization is favorable to the emergency train idea, as outlined in The Times, but is not agreed upon getting a closer alliance with the Nation's Government than the present one.

Money for the Red Cross work is do nated chiefly at times such as the Ohlo flood disaster. The appeal to the public for an enormous fund for emergency train purposes would not be one to



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### touch people's sympathies nor stir their emotions. But Congressional action in alliance with the War Department would create the needed chain of emer-gency cars and serve a two-fold purpose for the War Department, in the opinion of Miss Boardman and other Red Cross Chief Work. One of the chief labors of the organi-

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describes some of them.

zation in the next year will be to in luce Congress to give a partial or com plete appropriation for a suitable Red Cross building. At present, quafters are maintained in the War Department and of Society, Position Always in Washington office buildings. Records are congested, nurses are scattered, there is a general lack of co-ordination in some branches because of the necessity for occupying cramped quarters.
To correct this situation, the Red
Cross will renew its fight of last year
in favor of a building with a govern-

In favor of a building with a sometal appropriation.
Reports today from the flood districts indicate that Red Cross work is thoroughly and efficiently organized and that trained men and women are districted at points where work can be

cream.

Nebraska Senator Would Make From Top to Bottom.

The question of whether the Demo tics, will be put up to them shortly.

Senator Norris, of Nebraska, will press a bill in Congress to reorganize the Postoffice Department and make it a strictly civil service institution from the First Assistant Postmaster General to the lowest paid mesesnger. He would have the postmaster hold office ten years, unless removed for cause, thus making the postition non-political, and not subject to change with each Administration.

The bill was introduced in last Congress but was not pressed. Now Senator Norris, who is one of the foremost Progressive Republicans in Congress, intends to work hard for it.

The Nebraska Senator says that if this legislation was passed, and the department really taken out of politics, it would be a reform of far-reaching effect.

Cottolene is tics, will be put up to them shortly.

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